P
Univ.
O

Ohio State University
Journalism series

OHIO JOURNALISM HALL OF FAME

Proceedings of the Third Annual Dinner-Meeting of Judges, Newspapermen, and Others to Honor the Journalists Elected

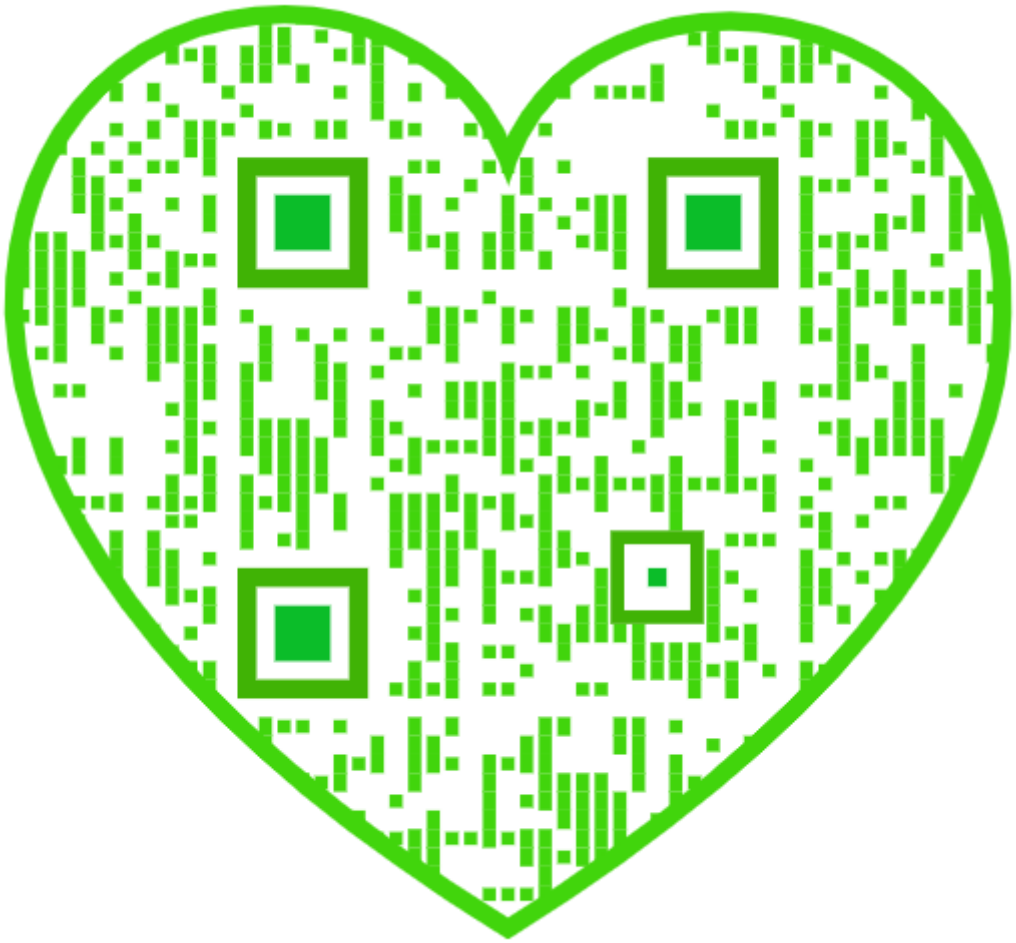
Faculty Club Rooms
October 31, 1930, 6:30 P. M.

Exchange

JOURNALISM SERIES, No. 9

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
COLUMBUS MCMXXXI

cch 2



OHIO JOURNALISM HALL OF FAME

Proceedings of the Third Annual Dinner-Meeting of Judges, Newspapermen, and Others to Honor the Journalists Elected

Faculty Club Rooms
October 31, 1930, 6:30 P. M.

JOURNALISM SERIES, No. 9

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
COLUMBUS MCMXXXI

COMMITTEE OF JUDGES

(1930 Election)

H. W. Amos, *The Jeffersonian*, Cambridge.
W. B. Baldwin, *The Gazette*, Medina.
D. C. Bailey, *The Banner*, West Liberty.
Harry W. Brown, *The Commercial Tribune*, Cincinnati.
Louis H. Brush, *The News*, Salem.
Granville Barrere, *The News-Herald*, Hillsboro.
Clarence J. Brown, Secretary of State, Columbus.
Karlh Bull, *The Herald*, Cedarville
James M. Cox, *The News*, Dayton.
E. E. Cook, *The Citizen*, Columbus.
W. R. Conaway, *The Independent*, Cardington.
J. A. Chew, *The Gazette*, Xenia.
Roscoe Carle, *The Times*, Fostoria.
C. R. Callahan, *The Gazette*, Bellevue.
E. C. Dix, Sr., *The Record*, Wooster.
William A. Duff, Ashland.
F. A. Douglas, *The Vindicator*, Youngstown.
J. A. Ey, Western Newspaper Union, Columbus.
Mrs. Ruth Neeley France, *The Post*, Cincinnati.
George H. Frank, *The News*, Grafton.
C. C. Fowler, *The Dispatch*, Canfield.
J. H. Galbraith, *The Dispatch*, Columbus.
C. B. Galbreath, Ohio Historical Society, Campus.
O. P. Gayman, *The Times*, Canal Winchester.
H. E. Griffith, *The Morrow County Sentinel*, Mt. Gilead.
Alfred Haswell, *The Sentinel-Tribune*, Bowling Green.
J. K. Hunter, *The News-Advertiser*, Chillicothe.
Oliver Hartley, Agricultural Department, Columbus.
Webster P. Huntington, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
W. C. Howells, *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* Bureau, Columbus.
R. B. Howard, *The Madison Press*, London.
A. E. Huls, *The Republican*, Logan.
J. E. Hurst, *The Times*, New Philadelphia.
Arthur C. Johnson, *The Dispatch*, Columbus.
J. W. Johnson, Circleville.
C. W. Kinney, *The News*, Oberlin.
J. S. Knight, *The Beacon Journal*, Akron.
Wilson A. Korns, *The Reporter*, Dover.
John Kaiser, Marietta.

E. C. Lampson, *The Gazette*, Jefferson.
W. O. Littick, *The Times-Recorder*, Zanesville.
A. E. McKee, *The Ohio State Journal*, Columbus.
Harry B. McConnell, *The Republican*, Cadiz.
George E. McCormick, State Librarian, Columbus.
Frank G. McCracken, *The Examiner*, Bellefontaine.
Miss Lida Rose McCabe, 37 Madison Ave., New York.
E. H. Mack, *The Register*, Sandusky.
Paul G. Mohler, *The News*, Berea.
George Moran, *The News*, Cleveland.
Harry Pence, *The Enquirer*, Cincinnati.
Marlen E. Pew, *The Editor and Publisher*, Times Bldg., New York.
Mrs. Penelope Perrill, *The News*, Dayton.
A. P. Sandles, Ottawa.
W. G. Sibley, Gallipolis.
H. G. Simpson, Ohio Historical Society, Campus.
Charles H. Spencer, *The Advocate*, Newark.
R. C. Snyder, *The News-Journal*, Sandusky.
Harry E. Taylor, Portsmouth.
C. B. Unger, *The Register-Herald*, Eaton.
William G. Vorpe, *The Plain Dealer*, Cleveland.
Fred S. Wallace, *The Tribune*, Coshocton.
Dr. Frank Warner, Columbus.
J. N. Wolford, *The News*, Yellow Springs.

PROCEEDINGS AND TRIBUTES

THE third annual dinner for the honoring of the men elected in 1930 to the Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame was held in the rooms of the Faculty Club, Ohio State University, October 31, 1930. As in previous years, the dinner was one of the events of the All-Ohio Newspaper Conference, Friday and Saturday, October 31-November 1, 1930.

The men elected and now to be honored were two:

James W. Faulkner, 1863-1923
Edward W. Scripps, 1854-1926

Seated at the tables was a notable company of newspaper men and women—relatives and former associates of Mr. Faulkner; representatives of the Scripps-Howard newspapers of Ohio; Hon. James M. Cox, former Governor of Ohio; Attorney Joseph C. Hostetler, counsel for Mr. Scripps; Dr. George W. Rightmire, president of the University; Mr. Charles A. Jones, secretary to Hon. Myers Y. Cooper, Governor of Ohio; deans of the Colleges; members of the faculty of the School of Journalism and other departments of the University, and many of the judges whose votes had elected these two journalists from a list of twelve.

Director Joseph S. Myers, of the School of Journalism, presided as Toastmaster, and first introduced Professor Osman C. Hooper, of the School of Journalism, to state the purpose and origin of the Journalism Hall of Fame, and the method of its operation. Professor Hooper said:

The Hall of Fame was established in the School of Journalism, Ohio State University, in 1928, with the distinct purpose to rescue from forgetfulness the careers of the men whom Ohio gave to the state and national field of journalism and who bore themselves well in the battles for human rights, in the upbuilding of the State, and the promotion of newspaper-making—men who won distinction, either in Ohio, where they were born or lived, or in other states to which they were lured by opportunities of service.

A study of the history of journalism revealed many such men—the pioneers of the profession, and those who followed in ever increasing numbers—men of strong conviction and unflagging zeal in the great causes of their day. They had served with credit both to themselves and to their profession, often with indifferent pecuniary rewards. But in a hurrying

age they were being forgotten, and some who were remembered were only names with no distinct record of achievement attached.

This grave injustice was felt alike by the historian, the teacher, the student. It was resolved that something should be done to correct it. The Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame was the outcome. Invitations were sent out asking for the nomination of these men who were gone and were being forgotten. There was a prompt response from some of the older members of the profession in Ohio, and thus a list of twenty-five or more was secured. But who should be the judges of the fitness of any of the nominees to be so honored? Obviously, there could be no better judges than the historians of the State and the men and women of the present generation of newspaper-workers. Approximately sixty such persons were asked to serve. They were taken from all parts of the State and from all the existing newspaper organizations—the purpose being to make the proposed honor a tribute from present-day workers to those of the past.

A ballot was prepared, containing a sufficient number of names to make necessary a choice, and sent to each judge. Under the rules it was necessary that a candidate to be elected must have received the vote of two-thirds of the judges. At the first election, which was held in 1928, eight men were elected.

In 1929, when essentially the same plan was followed, four were chosen, and this year but two out of a list of twelve. Thus we now have fourteen men, chosen by a substantial vote of their successors in the field for this honor.

It is provided in the rules that no living journalist is eligible to election and that none can be considered until five years after his death. It is also provided that the name of a candidate which has been unsuccessfully on the ballot for three successive years shall be dropped for the next five years, becoming eligible again after that lapse of time. Thus it will be necessary, next year, to drop the names of a half dozen men who served with distinction in the earlier history of Ohio journalism.

The tributes that are paid to the men elected are every year printed in brochure form; photographs of them are being enlarged and hung on the walls of the School of Journalism, and all available material by them or about them is being collected for the library and files of the School. Just now there is no fund for a more distinctive picturization of these men, but there is hope that at some future time it will be possible to honor them with busts or plaques in bas-relief. The justification of this more elaborate memorial of the men who served in journalism with distinction would be found in the transmission to the present generation of the former's ideals of public service and in the dignifying of the profession in which we are engaged.

President Rightmire's Greeting

Dr. George W. Rightmire, president of the University, having been introduced by the Toastmaster, spoke as follows:

This is a unique occasion, in that a profession most practical and most intimately in touch with life itself and wielding a major influence in the conduct of men, is meeting within the halls of a State educational institution. The men whose names have been selected for the Hall of Fame and whose likenesses and achievements are set up for the admiration and the emulation of future journalists, were not the product of scholastic training in journalism; they came through the fields of experience and by actually doing the newspaper work grew to power and distinction. Their background was accumulated while they were building their foreground and they took from the knowledge of the world that information and that inspiration which contributed most largely at the time to their needs and progress.

Schools of journalism are late comers in the educational field. They have been long preceded by schools of law, medicine, dentistry, and theology, and our own institution for the teaching of journalism is not more than twenty years of age. Formerly the same thought prevailed about journalism that held the stage so long in the field of law—that is, that one should learn the profession of law out where the wheels go 'round, where justice is administered and where principles of law are applied to the cases of clients, and that the best training for the journalist was out where the news of worldwide significance is drawn together hastily in the rush of the day, and news-collecting and news-publishing go on at white heat.

These office-schools, both in law and in journalism, have sent into the professional field men of eminent ability and most significant achievement, and it is no criticism of them to hold to the opinion that the schools can make a large contribution to the training for these professions, and to urge young men and young women in these days to obtain an ample scholastic foundation for their future careers. It has been well demonstrated that the University can contribute much, and in a much shorter time, and in a much better integrated program to all young men and young women desiring to enter a professional field, than was possible under the old system of office training.

But the professional schools were no sooner established than they endeavored to create and maintain the most intimate relationships with the various professions represented, and the School of Journalism at the Ohio State University operates upon that principle. The older men in charge of the School are the products of journalistic experience but nevertheless firm believers in what a university can do for the journalist, and enthusiastic promoters of the educational activities here in the field of journalism. Also the purpose of making warm contacts with the University animates the journalistic profession in Ohio, and mutual cordiality receives expression

in gatherings at the University where the hospitality of the institution is cordially tendered to the journalists of the State, and their meetings are heartily welcomed.

In accomplishing its purpose as a public agency the University must have publicity; not only what it is doing and attempting to do, and the personalities that are pushing the University work, are of interest to the people, but also the University purposes must somehow be translated to the public. Thus in giving news about what we are doing and in interpreting the meanings of our activities, is a newspaper agency powerful for good and for understanding!

An educational institution with eleven thousand students and a thousand teachers is a place where the associations are all distinctly human, where the teaching group and the student body are both representative of the best fruits of the social order of the present time, and where generally high purposes are established and maintained and high grades of accomplishment are constantly being sought.

Those responsible for the administration of a State university are public servants and should expect their administrative acts, and the educational processes, and the results, and the ways in which money is used to accomplish them, to be news items and indeed items of great public importance; there is every disposition on the part of University faculties to perform the great trust with which they are charged in the most effective and equitable manner, and they rely upon the press primarily for the public understanding of purposes, and for a translation of their educational activities and conduct to the people of the State who support the institution. So solicitous is the University that the opportunity for news gathering here shall be ample and that the means for understanding the University's purposes and activities shall be complete, that it has established a news bureau which is in contact continuously with the weeklies and the dailies in the rural districts and in the cities of Ohio, ready to serve the newspapers of the State and through them the public. All items of University activity which it is thought could have any public interest are brought to the attention of this bureau, and the director with his understanding of the University and his practical newspaper training and sense, makes such items available for publication. In this manner the essential interests of the *public*, of the *Fourth Estate* and of the *University* are integrated and conserved.

And so it is a matter of the greatest significance that the newspaper men and women of Ohio should assemble here and create here a Journalism Hall of Fame, and manifest here from time to time their interest in this public institution, not solely an interest in the School of Journalism but a wide and deep interest in the University as an educational institution primarily and almost entirely, yet it is also in a way a service institution; it is in the largest sense of the term a great public agency in both fundamentally intellectual and highly practical aims and procedures, and is in constant need, therefore, of being carried out to the great supporting public so that

its spread of activities may be well known and accurately understood. This dissemination, this translation, this appreciation on the part of the public, are all within the province of the newspaper.

And so tonight we welcome *you* as *also* a *great public* agency, possessing immense power for the formation, the creation, and the promotion of public opinion, and to a remarkable degree by your emphasis do you focus or disperse public attention. During the Civil War Greeley's *Tribune* was the great molder of Northern public opinion, and some one is quoted as saying, "Wait until the *Tribune* comes and then I can tell you what I think about it." Whatever the University can contribute to individual training or to professional ideals and procedures in the great field of journalism will be most enthusiastically and, we hope, most intelligently forthcoming.

We are particularly happy tonight also in welcoming the distinguished speakers of this occasion. It is a very significant day for the University when two men of such outstanding public interest and performance enlist themselves in an enterprise which is here carried on, and by their appearance and by the expressions of their thought at this time give to the University an added degree of dignity and public importance.

Greetings from the Governor of Ohio

Governor Myers Y. Cooper was unable, owing to other engagements to be present, but his secretary, Mr. Charles A. Jones, whom he had sent as a substitute, was introduced and spoke as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I think I have the most difficult part on this program. I was brought up in my father's general store. Very early in life, I learned that there were two laws applicable to that business: One was that, when a customer came into the store and asked for a certain article, if you could not produce that article, you must always have something that would take its place; and I learned along with that that no matter what kind of an article was substituted for the one that was asked for, it was never as satisfactory as the article originally asked for.

It is a great pleasure to come here tonight and, for the Governor of Ohio, extend to you the greetings of this occasion. As your toastmaster has said to you, these are strenuous hours for the Governor as well as for some other gentlemen in the State of Ohio. Just tonight, the Governor has seven speeches in Cleveland; he begins at 6:30 and goes through to 11:30 and I expect his opponent has an almost equally strenuous schedule. Consequently, I think you will forgive him if he is not here to greet you as he would very much like to be.

Over the long distance telephone, from Cleveland, today, he remembered this occasion, and asked me to particularly state to you how much it would please him if he could be here, and express some appreciation for the work that the newspaper men of Ohio are doing and have done in the past.

There is a new type of history these days. Back in the days when some of us went to school, the things that were in the books about the past were very largely about the military men and the political leaders; and it was almost hard to know that there was anybody else living except somebody who had been a General in the Army or a Governor of a State or a President of something or other. But, of course, we all knew that there must have been some other men who made these men possible. In these modern days, we are coming to learn about some of the great things which were not so much emphasized in the history books of the past.

From the very beginning of the State of Ohio, there were newspaper men here who had an incalculable influence in forming this State, in molding this Nation, in shaping its destinies. And I suspect that some of the men of whom we in this room have never heard had as much or more to do in that way with making this State the great inland empire that it has become and the great factor in the life of the nation that it is—more so, perhaps, than some of the men whose portraits hang in the State House or whose statues adorn our parks.

It was Abraham Lincoln who said in a speech one time:

> "Public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to execute."

Nothing has done that more than the newspaper in Ohio and the Nation and nothing is doing it more today.

I want to say this one word about the two men who are to be honored here tonight. Talking today to some of the newspaper men who had the pleasure, as I had, of working here for a time in the newspaper field, with Jim Faulkner, whom we are especially to honor tonight, along with Mr. Scripps, I recalled one thing of the Dean of the corps—the greatest mind of them all: In the circle of newspaper men of the Capital, he had one unfailing characteristic—when a new man came here, if there was any service he could render to him in learning the ropes, in understanding the more intricate situations affecting them, that was what Jim Faulkner wanted to do for him. He was outstanding in that respect.

He was far above most of us when we came here: A man of dignity, a man of learning and a man of distinguished standing; one of the outstanding men of the nation in the particular profession that was his. But time was not too important for him to stop to teach the "cub," the new man who came, the things that he ought to know. That is a thing that every newspaper man who was associated with Jim Faulkner remembers and appreciates; and I am just going to take enough time to intrude upon what your distinguished speaker who is to follow will say, to express for myself and others like me who have worked here for a time with Jim Faulkner, that tribute. Perhaps if I had known Mr. Scripps, I would have

some similar tribute to pay to him in the great field that was his; but I never, so far as I now know, had the privilege even of seeing Mr. Scripps. So that he does not come to me as a personal acquaintance, a man with whom I was long personally acquainted as with Jim Faulkner—and there are many other men in this room who are like myself.

So I am glad to bring you the greetings of the Governor of Ohio tonight in this assembly, honoring the men who have had a great place in the making of this State and of this Nation.

James W. Faulkner

Professor Myers then introduced former Governor James M. Cox to speak of his friend and associate, James W. Faulkner. The former Governor spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I arise in this presence possessed of a feeling of happiness, pride and diffidence: happy in the first instance that the name of James W. Faulkner is honored by his contemporaries, those who knew him and knew him well, and that his place in the Hall of Fame is there by virtue of an intimate knowledge of the mind and the heart of Mr. Faulkner, rather than by virtue of any tradition of long years' growth.

I am proud because I was selected to speak as his friend. I am diffident because I realize how inadequately I can deal with a text as important as the character and the works of James W. Faulkner.

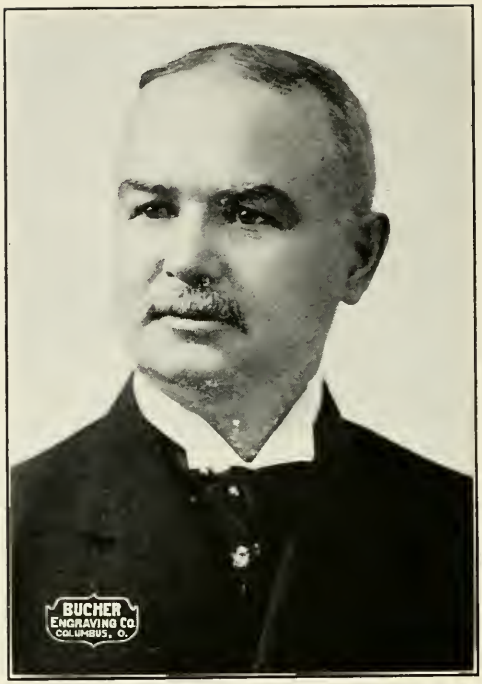
A few days ago, before leaving for Northeastern Ohio, I said to Walter Locke, the great liberal editor, who has come into this state only within the last two or three years, that it was necessary to prepare some advances for the press associations on my speeches, and then after that, to turn out some manuscript because it had been requested by those in charge of this very delightful function, and he said to me, "Tell me something about Mr. Faulkner."

We were sitting there after lunch, both of us composed and tranquil, and I started telling him what I knew of this very unusual man, and when I got through, he said, "Don't spoil it with any manuscript; just get up and express what memory brings back, thus giving it the touch which the heart imparts."

So, I speak very informally tonight. I did request the *Cincinnati Enquirer* to prepare for me what we might designate as the formal facts of Mr. Faulkner's life. These I quote:

"James William Faulkner was born in Cincinnati April 6, 1863, in the New York House, a small hotel conducted by his father, John Faulkner, on the south side of what is now Fountain Square and a part of the present site of Hotel Gibson.

"His father was from the north of Ireland and his mother, Ellen O'Connell, said to have been a relative of the famous Daniel O'Connell, was a native of County Cork in the south. He came to America by way of Boston



JAMES W FAULKNER (1863-1923)

Born in Cincinnati; educated in the public and parochial schools and St. Xavier's College; began his newspaper career in 1884 as a reporter for the Cincinnati Times-Star; became a member of the staff of the Cincinnati Enquirer in 1887, and for a time was city editor; in 1890 he was sent to Columbus and served as political correspondent of that paper until his death. He quickly took first rank among the correspondents at the capital, and was for many years president of the Legislative Correspondents' Association. A memorial fund of $10,000 to be used for the training of young men in journalism has been created by his newspaper and other friends.

and she through New Orleans and their meeting in Cincinnati was their first acquaintance.

"James was the third child and second son of a large family and after completing his schooling at St. Xavier's College aspired to be an artist, attending a school at which the late Frank Duveneck, Henry Farny and others were instructors, but on the death of his father, he found it necessary

to contribute to the family income, so he got a job as an operator in the police telephone exchange.

"From this he graduated into a position as police reporter for the *Cincinnati Times-Star*. At that time the police court was presided over by the witty and colorful Judge 'Jimmy' Fitzgerald, and sessions of the court developed many human interest stories, most of them humorous. Young Faulkner found these incidents the bases of a series of sprightly stories which he illustrated himself, and these attracted the attention of the late John R. McLean and resulted in Faulkner's becoming a member of the staff of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* in 1887.

"He was then only 24 years of age, associated with veterans, but from the outset he held his own with the best of them, both as a news-getter and a news-writer. In time he began to specialize as a political correspondent and, although for a short while he was the City Editor, he was glad to exchange that post for the more congenial work as state correspondent located at Columbus where he remained in intimate contact with the governmental and political developments of the entire state and became the friend and counsellor—or at times the discriminating critic—of state officials and political leaders, acquiring a wider acquaintance with men and women of distinction throughout Ohio and the nation than any other man of his day.

"His Sunday letters to the *Enquirer* alone made him famous but they were only a part of his journalistic work.

"He served several years as police commissioner of Cincinnati in days when the police force was under the dual state and municipal direction, but this was his only official position, and he repeatedly declined appointment to public positions offering him a greatly increased income.

"In 1919 the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon him by Miami University at Oxford, Ohio.

"In 1923 he attended a meeting of newspaper men in New York City and, at their dinner on the evening of May 4, was stricken with a heart attack. He died early in the morning of May 5, 1923.

"Mr. Faulkner never married."

For these facts, I am indebted to Harry Pence, the Librarian of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and speaking of the *Enquirer*, it is worthy of note that even though this Hall of Fame is only two or three years old, the *Enquirer* has contributed two characters who made outstanding contributions to the public welfare in their time. I speak of this circumstance in pride, because I served my earlier newspaper days on that newspaper.

In 1922, I saw quite a bit in London of Stead, the great English journalist. Northcliffe had just died. He had not been buried in Westminster Abbey; and I asked Stead whether he thought Northcliffe in his day had ever coveted that honor for himself, and he said that he could best reply to that by relating this circumstance: He and Northcliffe one day were playing golf and they had both driven on the third hole—rather a tricky hole by

the way. Northcliffe had come very near to playing it that day in par, but when he missed it, he turned and said to Stead, "I would sooner play Number 3 in par than be buried in Westminster Abbey."

Knowing Mr. Faulkner as I did, his modesty, the self-effacing way in which he served the public, it is my belief that the honor that comes to him now would have been coveted above all other distinctions.

He had no liking for the public service as we understand it. At least two presidents, and several governors had indicated to him that he could have any position he asked for. I think on more than one occasion, the observation was this, "I will sign the commission; you can make it out."

He rejected all of those offers. Why? Because he had such a high concept of the function and the dignity of the Fourth Estate that he believed public station would not have been an advancement.

It is not always that the critic is capable of holding office; it is not always that the man who can criticize and even criticize constructively would serve satisfactorily as an administrative officer. I remember as the campaign in 1912 was coming to an end, Mr. Bryan spent the last Saturday before the election Tuesday, at my house. He told me of his wish to become Secretary of State in the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, and he asked whether I would either go to see Mr. Wilson in person or write him a letter at the proper time and I told him I would. He then said, "What do you think of my becoming Secretary of State in the new Administration?" "Well," I said, "Mr. Bryan, I think it would do you good, very much good."

"Well," he said, "what do you mean by that?" "Well," my response was, "you have always been outside the breastworks; responsibility has never been yours; you have been the critic, and I believe it would do a great deal of good for you to get on the other side of the table and sense and face the responsibilities of an administrative officer."

When I went back to Washington for the assembling of Congress, the early part of December in 1912, I related that conversation to a group of men in the Congress, and among others was a rough diamond from New Jersey who was nationally known as Bill Hughes and Bill said, "Well, I would have told him that I was agreeable to his going into the Cabinet, but I would have done it in different words." "Well," I said, "Bill, what would you have said?" His response was this, "Well, I am willing that you become one of the President's advisers upon the theory that the man who plays with you on your own football team never kicks you in the shins."

Mr. Faulkner demonstrated that he would have been a very successful public officer. Let me remind you—and it is very fitting that I tell you this in the halls of the University to which he was greatly devoted—after we had adopted our new Constitution in 1912, and were faced with the task of giving legislative compliance, we well knew the task before us. Wisconsin had made very definite progress and I appointed a committee or

a commission of three or four men to go there. It was headed by Mr. Faulkner. He went and he and old John Commons—that very rare genius in that state—became comrades at once.

Faulkner not only sensed the spirit of the new legislation, but he came back thoroughly possessed of information with respect to the mechanics of the new set-up. He had this rare genius: he could transplant what was in his mind into your mind with very rare facility, and there is no one in this State who played a more useful part in that great transformation than James W. Faulkner.

I was impressed with the wisdom of the words of the Governor's Secretary tonight when he said that in many of the great movements of history, the names of those who have played major parts never become known to the public.

Mr. Faulkner had a capacious mind. Few men of his time were attracted to such a wide variety of subjects. No doubt, the lawyer in this state who was more familiar with legal precedents than any other was Honorable John A. McMahon. Old Joe Cannon pronounced him the greatest lawyer he had ever known in Congress. There was no lawyer in this state, however, who knew more of the legal—or judicial—precedents in this state which related to government than James W. Faulkner, and when anything went into his mind, it was given an orderly place. His mind was not a brush heap in which were gathered great masses of information. Things checked in his mind in a thoroughly systematic way, so that when it was necessary for him to call upon the reservoirs of his knowledge, he knew just exactly where it was, how to get it and how to apply it.

He is entirely different from anyone in the Hall of Fame up until now. In my judgment, one hundred years from now, he will be entirely different from anyone in the Hall of Fame. I speak not invidiously of those of the past when I say that in my own judgment, at least, James W. Faulkner could have sat in the place of Whitelaw Reid, of Horace Greeley, of Henry Watterson, of Thurlow Weed, of William Cullen Bryant, and made as great an impress upon the consciousness, the imagination and the affections of the people of that day.

I am not prepared to say, however, that, if any one of those great editorial geniuses had been compelled to face Mr. Faulkner's responsibilities in his day, with all of the complexities of a modern journalism, he would have ranked as high as an all-around journalist as James W. Faulkner.

There are many here in this presence who know the mechanics of a newspaper office—some of you do not—but I think I can illustrate what is in my mind when I pay this tribute as to the unusual, the almost uncanny, versatility of this genuinely great person by telling you Faulkner could report a baseball game with all the vernacular of the diamond; or a prize fight, and even old John McCormick whom we knew as "Macon," or Faulkner's old contemporary, Harry Weldon, would not have sensed that it was written by anyone except an authority on sports. He could go to

the turf and write a beautiful and a graphic story of a great derby event and he never got mixed in his phrases.

I remember in this connection this circumstance in our Dayton office: We did not have a very large force then. Someone had written a story about a race at Latonia, but he had failed to send the head up to the composing room. An Irishman, pressed for time, concluded that he would make up the head himself, and he had the winner of the race scoring a home run. (Laughter). Faulkner never did that.

Faulkner could write a theatrical criticism, a musical criticism; he might have been assigned, as he was assigned, by the news- or the managing-editor, to interview the most profound statesman in the world, or a great engineer—anyone who had caught the public eye—"Jimmie" Faulkner could have sat down with him and brought back a story creditable to the paper that he represented and informative to its reading clientele.

He could handle the telegraph-editor's desk; or the local news-editor's desk; he could walk from either or both to the managing-editor's desk through which passes that which comes to both the telegraph and the city editors'. He could attend a great political convention and his letters from those great events rank, I think, higher than those that were written by any man of his time. He could pass to the sanctum of all sanctums and write editorials, full in their information, and possessed of a philosophy that carried both wisdom and happiness. I ask you whether there is a man in America today in any newspaper office of whom so much can be said.

I first knew Mr. Faulkner in April, 1892. I went to Cincinnati as an ungainly, perhaps a typical country gawk, from a very much smaller community. I viewed the *Enquirer*, great newspaper as it was, with great awe. Its Washington correspondents were Samuel E. Johnson and William C. McBride; its editor, George Perkins; George Alfred Townsend was a daily contributor; old John McCormick was writing over the name of "Macon," and Harry Weldon, a great sports authority, was on the staff. Speaking of George Alfred Townsend, I remember that I was handling at that time and writing heads for both the Gath articles, as we called them, and Talmage's sermons. Gath's articles at times were a bit abstract, often profound, and sometimes dry. The good news once came that he was going to Spain, so we in the telegraph editorial department remarked that we would have a respite of at least two weeks; it would require him a week to get to Spain and it would take a week for the letters to get back. While we were discussing this very happy probability, an express package came in. It was from George Alfred Townsend and it contained 20 articles, sufficient to last until his communications were coming in from Spain. (Laughter).

But I remember well the first night that I entered upon my duties at the office of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. Nobody paid much attention to newcomers, but on that first night, the heart, the golden heart of that Irish

fellow, Faulkner, was moved by great understanding. He came over to me and actually made me feel that I was someone of some importance, inquiring where I came from, what my experience had been, what route McCarthy, the news editor, intended to put me on, and then assured me that if he could be of service at any time, I had simply to give expression to my wish. James W. Faulkner entered into the inner precincts of my heart that night.

A little while afterwards when I first started writing heads in the telegraph department, I remember one head which probably upon reflection would not pass muster. Faulkner happened to be at the main news desk that night, and saw it. He did not send it back with some "wisecrack." He did nothing to disturb the equilibrium of a man who was shaking in his boots; he did not ask that I come to his desk; he came to mine; and he didn't say, "This is all wrong." He said, "I believe you can write a better head if you try."

That was characteristic of Mr. Faulkner, kindly beyond words, and yet I discovered long afterwards that no matter how much service he had rendered, he never wanted anyone to express his appreciation. After the first gubernatorial canvass in which I participated, I saw him at the station in Dayton and expressed as best I could, my gratitude for what he had done, because he had been helpful and understanding. I saw that he was embarrassed. He said, "Well, just don't mention it any more." And even though our ships touched very often throughout the years, and he rendered service, the value of which I could not calculate then or now, I never afterwards offended the sensibilities of that modest man by giving expression to my feelings of appreciation.

Faulkner had a wise philosophy. The chemist is the man who tears apart the molecules of nature; it is the philosopher who tears apart the facts of a situation and then, from this disassociation, works out an orderly conclusion in his own mind. How wise he was and how some of his old sayings come ringing back to us! I remember in a political campaign—I will not say which one it was—a representative of the National Committee in the East asked me what I thought of the situation. "Well," I said, "I think it is all over; anyway the 'hog's eyes is set'." "Well," he said, "I don't know what you are talking about." "Well," I said, "you were not born in Ohio and do not know Jimmie Faulkner." I recall his often having made that very same remark. It comes from the butchering season in the country. After the hog is killed, it is never thrown into the vat of hot water until its eyes have set. On many an occasion, I have heard Faulkner say, "There isn't any use in anyone making any more speeches; the newspapers might start in devoting very little space to the campaign; the thing is all over; in short, the 'hog's eyes is set'."

Faulkner never married. The sweetheart of his life was his mother. The passion of his soul was his love for her. The circumstances of his early life and hers were quite different. He had educational opportunities

which she had not had, but nevertheless, she was a tremendously wise woman. She, too, was possessed of a sound philosophy and Faulkner was guided by her observations.

When those in charge of this affair designated me to say something about Mr. Faulkner, I told that very distinguished representative of the profession, Mr. Mengert, who grew up at the feet of Mr. Faulkner, the honor that had been assigned me, and he said, "Well, now, I want to tell you something; I have attended some of those ceremonies out at the University and they take those dead journalists, cover them with the cloaks of the saints, and when they get through describing them, I don't recognize some of them even though I knew them well." (Laughter).

"Now," he continued, "I want you to tell your hearers that Jimmie Faulkner, great genius that he was, was none the less a rough-and-tumble newspaper man."

Just recently A. E. McKee, of the *State Journal*, and I, were recalling a circumstance of the Baltimore Convention in 1912. No convention was ever bedeviled with more terrible heat.

On the night of the third day, the boys in the press section were stirring around trying to get their copy off to their papers. It occasioned some stir and a policeman came in, expressing his authority in words that were—as he found out afterwards—unwise. Faulkner said to him, "I don't see any necessity in your getting excited; the boys here have been laboring under trying circumstances; they are a nice lot of fellows and everything will be all right, and if I were you, I would not bear down on them too hard." The fellow turned to Faulkner and said, "Another word out of you, and I will throw you out of this hall."

What happened? Faulkner did not personally resent it, but he felt it was a slap at the rights of a great profession. There were young fellows here perhaps reporting a national convention for the first time and he did not intend letting a policeman cow the press. He arose to his height of six feet or more and said, "I respect the uniform that you are wearing, but I cannot respect you. You are a ruffian, and unless you get out of sight and leave this press section alone, the Captain of the precinct won't recognize you in a half an hour." (Laughter).

It required the efforts of McKee and Ben Allen, both big rugged fellows, to keep this rough-and-tumble newspaper man from whipping the policeman.

Within a little while, a representative of the Mayor of Baltimore came to apologize to Mr. Faulkner for the insult which had been given to representatives of the press, and to thank him for the service that he had rendered to the Baltimore Police Department. So, our friend Faulkner could become enraged at times.

I asked McKee tonight whether he ever saw the slightest emotional reaction in Mr. Faulkner. He told me he never did. I never did but once. If he were living, he would despise me for telling this story, but

we are here tonight having as our text the genius and the human quality of a great individual. He had been with me in the campaign of 1920, from ocean to ocean. We had come from the last Saturday night meeting in Chicago. The special train had run into Dayton. We arrived there a little after dawn. The train was run in the yards, which happened to be very close to St. Emmanuel's Church, of his Catholic faith. I went through the train bidding goodbye to the newspaper boys, a magnificent lot of fellows. We had developed a comradeship in that campaign and, when I went into Faulkner's room, I found him in tears. I said to him, "Jimmie, what is the matter?" "Well," he said, "I hear the church bells, and I know that at this minute, my old mother is in church at Cincinnati praying for your election. I feel that because of the fight you have made and the cause that you have sponsored, you ought to win, but, my boy, you haven't a chance, and it breaks my heart to feel that my old mother is going to be so disappointed."

I told him that I realized the uncertainty of all political contests and that he should cheer up, and he did; he shook himself out of it and then there came that veneer which we had so often seen before. He said, "It is all right; goodbye, good luck; I will see you after the election."

How many men knowing Jim Faulkner have heard him give any expression to his own religious ideas? We used to walk the roads about Columbus when I was here serving as Governor. I remember one day, it was fourteen degrees below zero and he and I motored out to Dublin and walked back to the city of Columbus; he and I walked over the hills and through the valleys, down around Christmas Rock, I think you call it, in Fairfield County. We discussed politics, religion, and all the things that claim the interests of men, ordinarily, and yet I never had from him an expression which indicated to me what his religious belief actually was.

Why? Mr. Faulkner believed that a man's religious faith was an affair between himself, the individual, and his God, and he didn't want anyone to say anything that might influence what might have been his normal reactions in his spiritual concept of things. He never expressed any opinion to me nor to anyone else because he felt that that was my own affair and he would have been making a trespass upon a very sacred subject.

No circumstance of Mr. Faulkner's life was more illustrative of his genius for penetrative and clarifying thought than his connection with the Roosevelt libel case.

You will recall that the ex-President, for a great many years, had been annoyed by whisperings about his alleged intemperate habits. He did not claim to be a teetotaler. His intimate friends, however, well knew how careful he was in his indulgences. Nevertheless the whispering went on. Finally the charge was made in some trade journal printed, I think, in Michigan. Roosevelt very properly brought suit for libel. Evidence of all sorts was produced. Roosevelt had been seen on many occasions in such a state of mental excitement that unprejudiced persons believed he

had been drinking. This, his intimates knew, was not the case. Mr. Faulkner was called as a witness because he had been one of the correspondents that had traveled with Roosevelt in his campaigns. When he took the witness stand a number of questions were asked him and he was in due time cross-examined, but in his judgment the lawyers were not doing anything to clear up the mooted question of the Colonel's habits. Faulkner then asked if he might make a statement. It was accorded him by the Court and opposing counsel. In substance it was this:

"Mr. Roosevelt was a moderate drinker. I have seen him at times, however, when a stranger would think that he was intoxicated. I remember once his private car came to a stop in the railroad yards. It was so located that he could not very well address the crowd that had assembled to pay him honor. There seemed no vantage point where he could be placed. He espied a freight car standing near. He climbed up the side of it, almost with the swiftness of a monkey, and when he assumed a speaking position he was so amused by the whole circumstance as to be in a very high state of excitement. Now the truth is, that if Colonel Roosevelt was ever intoxicated, it was a mental intoxication. In other words his spirits ran to such a high pitch that he appeared to be bereft, in some measure, of the normal restraints. It was an unaffected mannerism and to me long ago this oddity in the man's make-up explained the whole confusion upon this much-debated subject."

That testimony ended the trial. People recalling certain episodes in Colonel Roosevelt's life at once applied Mr. Faulkner's analysis. The jury was so convinced that in very brief session an award was made to Colonel Roosevelt, only of such size as to carry the costs against the defendant, because that was all the plaintiff desired. It was a moral vindication and that was the real objective.

Faulkner, as I say, was the friend of Presidents, the counsellor of Governors, of United States Senators, and of journalists everywhere. He played his part in the affairs of this state and he deserves to go into the Hall of Fame. I happen to be on the committee which votes the awards of these places of honor. When the list came to me, with the names of some ten or twelve on it, I not only checked the name of "Jimmie" Faulkner, but I put an exclamation point after it. That was an index to the feelings which I had for him when he lived, and the high appraisal I make of him and his admirable qualities now.

Someone said today, "You are going up to Columbus to put your old friend 'Jimmie' Faulkner in the Hall of Fame." And I said, "No, I had nothing to do with it; the gentlemen making up the award had nothing to do with it, 'Jimmie' Faulkner did that himself long ago."

And before I close, let me remind you of the majestic way in which he left this life. Many of you probably do not know much about it. A friend of his had been in his room in the hotel in New York; he had been bringing him papers every evening. He brought up the "pink"

sheet, so-called, and as he was departing, he said to Mr. Faulkner, "I will see you in the morning." And Jimmie said, "No, I will not see you in the morning; I am going 'over the hill' tonight. These doctors try to tell me that I am all right, but I know," and he laid his finger over his heart. He was too wise to be fooled.

During that night, when darkness apparently came into his eyes, he reached out, and picked up a pencil; he was not thinking of himself; he was thinking of his friends in Ohio, and he left this very brief but very meaningful message, and it had, even in the dramatic moment in the very shadow of death, his poetic touch:

"From under the shadow of the wing,
Light seems to be breaking. If it is
to be darkness—then love and farewell."

If we believe in an immortality of the soul—and it is sheer folly to believe in anything else—then we can convince ourselves that the spirit of Faulkner is here tonight, and if so, I hope he senses the happiness which is ours of paying this simple tribute to one of Ohio's genuinely great journalists and great men.

Edward W. Scripps

Mr. J. C. Hostetler, member of the law firm of Baker, Hostetler and Sidlo, Cleveland, attorneys for Mr. Scripps, was then introduced to pay a tribute to the latter. He said:

Someone has said "The biographer is thrice blest who needs but tell the simple truth." When one speaks of the life and works of E. W. Scripps he enjoys this advantage, for the "simple truth" will suffice.

It is not so easy, however, to determine which of the interesting activities of this many-sided man we should discuss.

It has always seemed to me that death is in many ways analogous to stepping off the rear platform of the train which we call life. The train moves on and so far as most of us are concerned, we rapidly diminish in size until we finally merge with the fence posts and then altogether disappear.

Some men have the peculiar faculty of impressing their personality on everything that comes in contact with them, both people and things, and when such a person steps from the train he is enveloped by a sort of illuminated haze and his shadow grows and his influence persists, and those who knew him think of him as a present force. Not all of the great have this quality, but E. W. Scripps was such a man. He lived almost in seclusion. He saw comparatively few people. He appeared publicly and formally very seldom. He had a genuine distaste for publicity. He was cryptic in his manner. He seldom gave orders, but it was the dull editor who, in the course of a half hour, did not get pretty clearly in mind just what was in Mr. Scripps' mind. I really believe that in the Scripps

EDWARD W. SCRIPPS (1854-1926)

Born at Rushville, Illinois; office boy employed by his brother, James E. Scripps, founder of the Detroit News; owner of News routes; established the Cleveland Press in 1878, with himself as editor; established the St. Louis Chronicle in 1880; gained a controlling interest in the Cincinnati Post in 1883, and in conjunction with Milton McRae began the development of the Scripps-McRae chain of papers now known as the Scripps-Howard chain of 26 papers, six of which are in Ohio.

organization today his presence is as real a thing as it was at any time during the last fifteen years of his life. As time goes on, principles which he so carefully worked out are restated by the older men to the younger. They are concise. They are definite. They are adequate. They are complete. I believe that in the great properties which he created the effect of his life and the effect of his example will grow as the years pass.

Biographically, there is not much to tell about Edward Wyllis Scripps. He was born on a farm at Rushville, Illinois, on June 18, 1854. His

father, James M. Scripps, was an Englishman and had migrated from London to America in 1844.

At eighteen, Mr. Scripps left the farm and went to Detroit. He took with him his savings, which amounted to $80.00, and when he reached Detroit procured a job as clerk in a drugstore. I cannot imagine him selecting this work, and it is probable that it was the first opportunity that offered itself for him to make any money, and it was entirely like him not to let the first one pass, but to take it and hold it until a better one came along. I will venture to say, without knowing anything about it, that he was a good clerk at that drugstore.

His elder brother, James E., a brother, George H., and his sister, Ellen B. Scripps, were in Detroit, and the year after he went there, in 1873, he joined the three of them in founding the *Detroit Tribune*. This has since been rechristened the *Detroit Evening News*, and is one of the great newspaper properties in America. He worked in the office and in the circulation department at first and had extraordinary success in soliciting circulation. The qualities which unfolded themselves as his life went on led him inevitably, however, from the circulation to the editorial department. I doubt whether Mr. Scripps was ever in any doubt as to the editorial department being the really important part of a newspaper. He was a success as an editor and the new paper grew and prospered. It was the first two-cent paper published in Michigan, and the idea of a low-priced newspaper for the great mass of people took a firm hold in Mr. Scripps' mind. He worked with his brothers on the Detroit paper until 1878, and he then determined that he was going to found a newspaper to sell for one cent, and he decided upon Cleveland as the place for the experiment. He came to Cleveland, therefore, in 1878, at the age of twenty-four. His brothers in Detroit loaned him $10,000. He founded and became the editor of the *Penny Press* in Cleveland, and that $10,000 produced all of the capital that has gone into the development and building up of the entire Scripps-Howard newspaper organization. When Mr. Scripps died in 1926 he was the head of the greatest group of newspaper properties that had ever been handled under one ownership. There were twenty-six newspapers, of which the Ohio ones at Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus, Akron and Youngstown are perhaps of most importance to this group. There were six Pacific Coast papers which had been founded by Mr. Scripps and which are now being operated by the associates of his deceased son, James G. Scripps. In addition to that, he had organized, developed and controlled six newspaper service companies, including United Press Associations, which is one of the three great American news-gathering services. This man had accomplished so much in forty-seven years. The accomplishment itself is sufficient to attract attention, but if one stopped with the consideration of the physical facts connected with the great properties which he built, he would not have begun to touch the real E. W. Scripps, and his effort would be as

ludicrous as that of the blind man who described the elephant after feeling of his tail.

There is nothing at all unusual in saying that a newspaper man loves his profession. Everyone who has ever gotten the feel of the newspaper business knows what a tremendous fascination there is in it. There is no smell in the world like the inky smell of a print shop, and there is no place in which men work that their associations with each other are any more intimate. There is something about the newspaper business which is akin to a game in which all of the men, from the press room up, experience the exhilaration of a victory and the despair of a defeat. But I think there is a greater attraction for men of acute perception in the newspaper business, and that, so it seems to me, lies in the fact that no day ever repeats any other day. There is no monotony. For the man of understanding, each news story has elements different from every other one. I practice law and I think that my profession shares with the newspaper this distinguishing characteristic. It is variation in employment which gives pleasure to the mentally alert. A newspaper office is a place of action and power, and it is exactly the sort of position that Mr. Scripps loved, and he in turn brought to it ideas and ideals, and in addition to the ideals a fund of judgment and common sense that enabled him to make idealism profitable. That is saying a good deal and I would not blame any person for wanting to examine skeptically the subject about whom it is said. It is easier to think ideals than it is to either speak or write them. It is much easier to speak or write them than it is to believe and live them, and it is much easier to live and believe them than it is to galvanize them into a positive force and make them a thing to be reckoned with in the life of the community, state and nation. Mr. Scripps did this, for he had the quality rare among idealists, the quality of reading people and events rightly and applying them toward the building up of his ideal. Mr. Scripps was never in any doubt as to what was absolute and what was relative. He never mistook a painted lath for a bar of iron. He selected his men just as carefully as the most accurate workman selects a tool, but he would use a man only if that man accepted wholly and unreservedly his ideas as to the purpose of his newspapers.

It is remarkable how displeased these people who call themselves realists are with an idealist of this practical kind. You know, most realists think they are pretty hard fellows. They feel certain that they are the only people who see things as they are and that everything which looks to be good must have something the matter with it. They look upon a man with ideals as a sentimentalist. They feel certain that he cannot look upon anything as it is. When a realist comes across an idealist of the stamp of E. W. Scripps it hurts to see him as he is, and so they do not look, but ordinarily satisfy themselves by attacking his motives.

Most idealists are more or less impractical. They see injustice and they consume all of their energy being indignant about it. Mr. Scripps was

indignant, but only sufficiently indignant to supply fuel to set the engine working. Indignation consumed none of his energy. His energy was expended in an attempt to rectify the condition which brought about the injustice. Radical is one of the easiest words they apply to this kind of man, but the world progresses because this kind of man does live and because he does not care a tinker's dam what is said about him. I mean just that.

Any man who has ever gone out to manage a Scripps newspaper and had the opportunity of talking to Mr. Scripps before he went, will bear me out when I say he had but one instruction: "Be for the working man; keep the Ten Commandments and live within your means." I realize that that instruction embodies three in one, and it partakes of almost every brand of wisdom from the beginning down to Calvin Coolidge; but it is practically the only instruction which was ever given to an editor of a Scripps newspaper by his boss. He would overlook the last injunction often. I mean the one about living within your means. There were excuses for not doing that. I have an idea that he sometimes overlooked a breach of the second injunction, because there are some of the Ten Commandments which have no particular application to the newspaper business, but I am sure he never did, and I am sure he never would have for an instant excused an infraction of the first rule. Mr. Scripps founded his papers to represent the great body of citizens who at that time had no newspaper.

In 1878 there were a good many newspapers in America, but practically all of them were of a type that are now nearly extinct. I mean the strict "party organs." There are not many newspapers in America today that will declare complete allegiance to any party or commercial interest. As a matter of fact, it is almost sure failure for a newspaper to be known as dominated by a commercial interest, and it is not much better to have the feeling abroad that politically the paper is "hide-bound."

What is the usual thing now was far from the usual thing then. The man in the street, the "under-dog" had no champion even reasonably adequate to the task. The merger of corporations, the effect of highly developed machines in industry, and the consequent necessity for the organization of labor were only beginning. By his policy to represent the masses, and by the faithfulness with which he adhered to it, and by the energy with which he performed it, I believe that E. W. Scripps did as much to assure the real and permanent security of American business and American industry as any other man. I realize when I say this that there will be those who will think I am overstating it. I am not trying to be eulogistic at the expense of truth, because in this particular case it is unnecessary. I realize that the business man, and generally the bigger he is the more he falls a prey to this error, looks upon a criticism as unfriendly and destructive. The Scripps newspapers for years were viewed as "radical" papers. The word radical has gradually shaded into "progressive," and as a "pro-

gressive" a "radical" becomes bearable. E. W. Scripps was never a demagogue. He did not believe in overstating the case for the working man, but he did believe in the right of the working man to have his case stated fully. Stability of government is not conserved by damming criticism.

Another thing which E. W. Scripps did and which was an innovation for his time, was that he completely separated the business office from the editorial rooms. I mean just what I am saying and all that that implies. From the day of the first Scripps newspaper to today, the editorial room runs the editorial policy of the paper. I do not know whether Mr. Scripps decided this on the ground of ideals or whether the decision was dictated by a quality of wisdom that seems almost too much to credit to any man. As a matter of fact, the test of the principle has proved it to be right beyond any doubt.

Another contribution which Mr. Scripps made toward the stability of the entire newspaper industry was his decision to stay out of the Associated Press at the time it was reorganized in 1900. I want to say now that I look upon the Associated Press as one of the greatest accomplishments of American genius. The history of news-gathering agencies in the United States can be roughly divided into three periods. From 1849 to 1882 the Associations were municipal in character and were formed in each of the great cities by the newspapers of that city. They were formed to interchange news on certain bases, and the purposes of practically all of them were monopolistic in that no newcomer could join the organization without unanimous or practically unanimous approval. In 1882 the New York Associated Press had an absolute monopoly in New York and substantial control of Washington and foreign news. In 1882 it found itself confronted by a powerful rival, the Chicago Associated Press, which had been organized in 1865, and on practically the same basis as the New York Association. The two associations made an agreement to run for ten years, and at the end of the ten-year period (1892) the New York Associated Press ceased to exist, and the New York dailies, with the exception of the *World*, joined in an association known as the United Press. In 1900 the Illinois Supreme Court held the Chicago Association illegal, and in the fall of 1900 the present Associated Press was organized.

In giving E. W. Scripps credit for refusing to become a member of the Associated Press and for founding and developing his own national and later international news service, I do not mean to utter one word that should be construed as being critical of the Associated Press. But the fact is that he was offered the franchise for his papers in the new organization, and he declined on the single ground that it was not for the benefit of the development of journalism that there be a monopoly in the collection and distribution of news, and in this conclusion he was profoundly and eternally right. The Associated Press franchises for his paper would have been of great value then, but instead of accepting the invitation he set about to build an association of his own, and he laid down for the guidance of that

association a rule which is entirely Scripps, and which is that there is no such thing as exclusive service in United Press. Any newspaper in any city, whether there is a Scripps paper there or not, can buy the United Press service and that too for exactly the same price as is paid by any Scripps paper of the same circulation.

There are now the three great news-gathering organizations—Associated Press, United Press, and International, and I think that it would be impossible to overestimate the beneficial effect of this competition in the journalistic field.

Mr. Scripps had another habit which clung to him as long as he retained active control of his properties, and that was that a newspaper started from the bottom. I do not know whether the basis for this was that it was better for the editor and manager to have to start on nothing, or whether it was a keen recognition of the sentimental advantage which David always has over Goliath, or a mixture of both. He was just wise enough to have thought of both of these reasons and a half dozen more, but whatever was the reason, a new Scripps newspaper was started in a rented room on some back street, with all of the equipment packed close together, and it has seemed to me that they preferred that nobody have either privacy or quiet. An old press would be found somewhere in the concern, used linotypes and mat-making equipment, and when the new paper appeared on the streets of the city that was chosen for its trial, it would look like anything but the youngest child of a great and powerful family. The boys who were put to work to run it, and they were generally boys, had the equipment turned over to them with the assurance that during the early stages there would be money to meet a reasonable deficit, and the single instruction which I have mentioned. It was their task to make that paper good, and if they made it good they were rewarded in a way so substantial that I have never heard one of them complain and I do not believe any man in the Scripps organization has.

Mr. Scripps devised the best profit-sharing plan that I have ever seen, and I have carefully examined those in operation in many of the largest concerns in this country. I am not going to take the time to outline it.

Mr. Scripps was a man who hated publicity. That is not an uncommon characteristic among great newspaper men, but he carried it, I believe, to an extreme far beyond even the reticence of Pulitzer. The last years of his life were spent on board his yacht *Ohio*. He sailed from sea to sea, much of the time completely out of touch with his properties, but appearing, much like Mr. Pulitzer, at the most unheard-of moments and showing an uncanny knowledge of what had been going on. He died on the boat in Monrovia Bay, off the coast of Africa on March 12, 1926. He was buried at sea as he desired. He was a resolute, strong, just, and honest man. He had the sense of power and his methods sometimes closely bordered on the ruthless, but he never for a moment lost sight of the ideals that he had set for himself and his newspapers, and he built up in the

hearts of his associates a loyalty to those ideals which I believe they can transmit; and if they can, and if the Scripps newspapers remain true to the faith, they have only begun their period of usefulness.

When Mr. Scripps died, I think that the best thing that was written about him was written by a young man whom he had picked as editor of one of the southwestern group of newspapers. He wrote:

"To be the friend in court of those who had no other spokesman;

"To know news and to print it, uninfluenced by those who wanted something put in or something kept out;

"To comfort the afflicted, on the theory that the comfortable could take care of themselves, but to deny hearing to none;

"To be independent, and good-humoredly to stand the punishment that true journalistic independence brings from time to time—

"Those were the tools that E. W. Scripps took to his job 47 years ago, along with a little money, and an unlimited capacity to inspire men.

"The beginning was humble, as have been the beginnings of most things in America that have grown great.

"E. W. Scripps is dead.

"But the thought of an independent journalism, the thought with which he pioneered, will live on in the organization he founded, and in the journalism of America."